

The Adams Sentinel.

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GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 17, 1865.

NO. 11.

A STANDARD POLITICAL WORK.

McPHERSON'S Political History of the Rebellion.

THE Political History of the United States during the Rebellion—extending from November 6, 1860, to July 1, 1864, by Hon. EDWARD MCPHERSON, Clerk of the House of Representatives of the United States, is destined to become a standard authority concerning these stirring times, and is among the most useful and interesting books now before the public.

It contains the various STATE PAPERS of the period—Executive, Judicial, and Legislative—and those of the Military which bear upon political questions, also the Propositions submitted to, and the Laws enacted by Congress, with the vote in each House, upon every leading question, such as Confiscation, Arrests, Habeas Corpus, Compensated Emancipation, and every phase of the Slavery Question; also the "Legal Tender" of the United States; and the various "Financial Legislation," with Tables of the National and Rebel Debt; all the Military Legislation, including every Proposition and vote at the War Department, respecting the Draft, and all the Propositions for the last four years, in reference to the Objects of the War and its Prosecution, to Peace and Reconstruction, with the votes thereon, in both the Union and Rebel Congresses; a record, of itself, worth the price of the book.

It also contains a full and fair record of the proceedings in and out of Congress, between the Presidential Election of 1860 and the breaking out of the War; including a statement of such Adjustments, Propositions made, and taken, and all other data necessary to give a clear view of that event, in all its bearings and relations. It also contains the names of the persons composing the Union and Rebel Administrations and Congresses, with the changes therein, and such of the Rebel Legislation, Judicial Decisions, Proclamations, Orders, and Edicts, as throw light upon the progress of events—the work forming a magazine of facts arranged in logical order, or grouped in natural harmony, and constituting a most valuable contribution to the historical literature of the country.

In all the votes, parties are classified. The Index is thorough, both as to names and subjects, giving the reader entire command of the contents.

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Don't forget the place in the "Old County Buildings."

1864. Fall Millinery. 1864.

MRS. McHARRY has just returned from the city, and is now opening a new assortment of Millinery, &c. Fancy Goods—Fall and Winter styles. Also, a handsome assortment of READY MADE BONNETS, and Dress Caps, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

Milliners wishing to purchase goods to sell again will be supplied at reduced prices, and will receive all patterns gratis.

Oct. 18.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
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This House is in a central location, and convenient to the R. R. Depots and Steam Boat Landing.

Aug. 9-14.

GOOD CIDER.—Just received at Dr. R. H. HONKES'S Drug Store, the pure Siphon of Cider for preserving cider.

Signat. 27.

Chloe's Poetry.

GOD SAVE THE FLAG.

BY OLIVER WYLLIE HOLMES.

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming—
Snatched from the altars of innocent foes,
Burning with sinners, but never consuming,
Flash its broad banners of life and of rose.

Vainly the prophets of Babel would roil—
Anathema his worshippers pray for his fall!
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Banner of justice and mercy to all.

Justice that is the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handled train,
Scathing all passions, breaking all errors,
Shedding the robe and revealing the chain.

Home on the heights of old aspirations,
Drifted our ship, O'er the desolate seas;
This was the emblem of hope to the nations,
Turn from the stern and cold and flung to the breeze.

God bless the Flag and its royal defenders,
While its broad folds over the battle field wave,
Till the day-staff wreath rekindle its splendor,
Watched from its stains in the blood of the brave.

Amusements.

The Careful Housekeeper.

"There are those bachelors all finger marks again," said Mrs. Carey, as she made haste with a soft linen cloth to polish down the shining oak again. "George," she said, with a flushed face, as she gave the cloth a decided wrench out of the basin of suds, "if you go up those stairs again before bedtime you shall be punished."

"I should like to know where I can go?" said George, angrily. "I can't stay in the kitchen, I am so in the way, and I can't go into the parlor for fear that I shall muss that up, and now you say I can't go to my own room."

"I know a grand place where I can go," he added to himself, "boys are never told they are in the way there, and we can have lots of fun. I'll go down to Niles' Corner. I can smoke a cigar as well as any boy, if it did make me feel awful sick the first time. They shall not laugh at me again about it."

And so the careful housekeeper virtually drove her son from her door, to hang about the steps and sit under the broad, inviting portico of the village grog shop. Reverting, do you think she gained or lost?

In a little while entered "Our Peculiarities," by Viscountess Combermere, there is the following fine tribute to the class of old maids: "These single women, when it is the habit of society to ridicule, may have often postponed their own settlement in life from the highest motives; filled day after day, perhaps, exercised so entirely in early life that no self-interest diverted them from their holy duties. It was sufficient to satisfy affection and to supersede hope; for the devoted, generous child, from the intensity of her love, has felt that the future must ever be a blank, when the interest that engrosses the present is withdrawn by death; and this dreary prospect adds another motive to her tenderness. Useless as woman is under all circumstances, she is more regardless of herself than in another position. In married life she yields to her husband, who is her support and companion till death; to her children she looks for care and affection in age, but no consideration of future happiness or present pleasure encourages the patient daughter, as she watches day and night by the invalid mother, or the decrepit father. Here is the purest love, unalloyed by ego sensual thought as to its origin or its object; no instinct prompts it, no annual impulse strengthens it; the holiest feeling that fills the human heart, it yields only in purity to the love of God."

Slow Grinding.

Quite a number of years ago, there lived in Andover county, Maine, a man by the name of J. He was a farmer, stage driver, and hotel keeper, and was blessed with a large family of boys. Among them was the hero of my yarn. He was lean, hard and scrawny—always on hand to run errands and do chores generally. One very hot day in July, he was sent off to the mill with a large lot of grain to be ground. Unluckily for him, there was quite a quantity of ice before he got there, so that it was late in the afternoon before they got to work on the lot. The water was low, consequently the mill stones revolved rather slowly. He was hungry, and his inner man grew impatient, and looking up to the miller he says, "Uncle Aube, I can eat that meal faster than you can grind it." "Ah, my boy, how long could you do it?" "Why, till I am starved to death!" said he. "Uncle Aube never got such a shot before."

Unravelling.

A man coming home late one night, a little more than "half past over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unravelling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unravelling!"

A retired actor, with fondness for poultry, was asked why he named a favorite hen "Meadow?" He replied that it was because he wanted her to "lay on."

Exclusive solitude and exclusive sociality are both injurious, and, with the exception of their order of precedence, nothing is so important as their interchange.

A Quaker Deceives Justice.

Gen. Schenck's resolution, making runaway from the draft, who have gone to Canada, aliens, and requiring them to be naturalized before they can again exercise the rights of citizenship, is good but old. Congress will undoubtedly enact the law, but a decision in advance has already been given by competent authority.

"There has no right to vote," said a good old Quaker Judge of election in Warren county, Ohio, to a would-be voter at the late election. "What do you mean?" "The 'Great Unready.' I mean there is not a voter, there is not a citizen of this State." "Why, you old fool, I was born in this country, and I have lived here all my life, and there is nobody knows it better than you!"

"There is mistaken, my friend. There was born here, it is true—I know thy father before thee, and a good man he was; I little thought his son would do such a thing, but they have not lived here all their life—They shipped away about the time of the draft; they went to Canada, and neither paid thy three hundred dollars, if there was opposed to fighting, nor took thy musket if there wasn't; but they became a citizen of a foreign country; and they can't vote here!"

The McCallanite raved, but the Quaker Judge was inflexible. The McCallanite declared there was no law for such a decision, and he would prosecute him; but the Quaker was calm. "There may be right about the technical language of the law; and I am clear in my convictions. THINE CAN'T VOTE." And he didn't. That old Quaker was born for a law maker.

Women in Paraguay.

The author of "Sketches in Paraguay" gives us this fragment morsel. "Everybody smokes in Paraguay, and every female above thirteen years of age chews I am wrong. They do not chew but put tobacco in their mouths, and keep it there constantly, except when eating, roll it about with their tongue and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds; she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair, taper fingers of the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and depositing the savory morsel on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face, and is ready for your salute. I have sometimes seen an over delicate foreigner turn with shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *savages* (the *savage*) applied to him by the offended beauty for this sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, perforce, of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one half you meet are really tempted enough to render you reckless of consequences, and you would sip the dew of the proffered lips in the face of a tobacco battery, even the double distilled 'honey dew' of old Virginia."

The Silver Apostles.

Napoli, having entered one of the cities of Italy, the church wardens recommended to him the relics of the apostles.

"Sir, will you design to take our apostles under your protection?"

"Your apostles! Are they of wood?"

"No, Sir."

"Of what are they, then?"

"Of silver, Sir."

"Of silver?"

"Of solid silver."

"Solid silver?" replied Napoleon quickly. "Yes, I shall help them to fulfill their mission; it had been ordained that they should go throughout the world and they shall."

Having said so, the Emperor sent the twelve apostles to the mint of Paris.

As an honest seaman, who had just come into port was taking a stroll into the country, he saw a bull dash furiously along the road, directly towards him, and according to the custom of the animal, when under full speed, with his tail straight out behind him. "Bull away!" roared Jack, making a speaking trumpet of his hand—

"Bull off your spunker sheet there, you lubberly son of a cow, or you'll be a foul of me!" But the bull paid no attention to the warning of Jack, and the next moment the tar was reeled in the dirt: "There blast your eyes," said the enraged seaman, gathering himself up, "I told you, you would run a foul of me!"

A man applied to Dr. Jackson, a celebrated chemist of Boston, with a box of specimens. "Can you tell me what this is, Sir?" "Certainly I can, Sir; that is iron pyrites." "What Sir?" in a voice of thunder. "Iron pyrites." "Iron pyrites! and what's that?" "That's what it is," said the chemist, putting a lot on a shovel over the hot coals, where it disappeared: "dross." "And what's iron pyrites worth?" "Nothing." "Nothing! Why there's a woman in our town owns a whole bill of that—and I've married her!"

HOVEL JOKES.—A landlord tells a story of one of his writers that would have fitted Samuel Lover's Handy Andy: "Being one of the most, said a traveller to a being-indebted table servant. The boy rushed about in a spasmodic and obviously distressed manner, and finally returned with the answer, 'It's all ate, Sir.'"

Japanese Civilization.

The question may arise, ere long, for the consideration of civilized nations, what shall be their treatment of barbarous countries? The horrible enormities committed on certain annual occasions, at the Court of Dahomey, (when unfortunate victims, not guilty of crime, are brutally slaughtered in scores and hundreds,) may have a shadow of excuse in the fact that his noble Majesty of Dahomey is utterly uneducated, and knows no better, not having been taught any better. But Japan is a country where, whatever the state of religion, a certain degree of intelligence prevails, where many of the arts of civilization are cultivated, where, indeed, a steamboat has already been built by the natives, machinery included, and writing, painting, and engraving are common. A country whose natives can manufacture rifles, cannon, and gunpowder, and use them for offence and defence, ought not to be held as barbarian.

The latest news from Japan is as follows:—"The Prince of Natsuo, who, contending with the allies at the Straits of Shimonoseki, had, it was known, after signing the treaty which was extorted from him, refused to hesitate to simply with the condition which prescribed the payment of an indemnity. His course was not sanctioned by the authorities, and he was condemned by the criminal code at Yeddo to the following peculiar penalty: That his two palaces should be razed, and servants put to death. The execution of such a sentence is difficult to conceive. It has, however, been literally carried out. The two palaces have been destroyed, and the slaughter of the servants accomplished. Two hundred and fifteen women and children and four hundred and twenty men in the service of the Prince were killed, and then his Highness, deeply concerned, made his submission to the Yeeoon and the Mikado, who had given their approval of the sentence pronounced by the court. He applied to Admiral Kuper, who placed the Barrosa at the service of the Prince's First Minister, who was despatched to Yeddo, where the envoy first besought the intervention of all the European and the American representatives, and declared his intention of paying the sums due for indemnity without further delay, and complying with all the provisions of the treaty he had signed."

This is about the most horrible event of the present time. A man refused to pay a certain sum of money which he had signed a promise to pay, and one of the courts of law subjected him to the penalty of having his two palaces razed to the ground (which was done), and this was a heavy punishment inflicted upon him, the offender. But there was another penalty, which consisted four hundred and thirty-five (335) human beings to a cruel death. They were slain because they were his servants, and the Yeeoon and the Mikado—respectively the temporal and spiritual rulers of Japan—approved of the judgment of the court under which this was done. We do not approve of meddling in the affairs of other nations, but if ever there was a case in which it was justifiable, surely it is this.

Dry Goods Trade.

A Dutchman who keeps a country store in the neighborhood of Milwaukee had two pieces of calico on his shelves when the prices began to advance. He sold out at the old rates, and, said he, "When I went to city to buy more, do money that I got for my ten pieces of calico bought only eight. I took my eight pieces home, and marked a high profit on em, and sold them fast enough, and when they was all gone, I took my money and went to city, and by dander, it bought only six pieces. Well, I'll do it, I'm making money backwards. But I took my six pieces home, and put an awful big profit on dem, and now, I'll do it, I must make money like smoke—But when I got dem six pieces sold, I took dem money I got for em to city again, and thought I would get about twelve pieces, but the calicoes had gone up again and I got only four pieces. Well, I took dem home, put on a much bigger profit as I did before, and thought now I makes a heap of money. But when I got dem sold and went after more, do calicoes had gone up again, and I hope I may never see if I got more as two pieces for my money. So here I was. I had ten pieces of calico when I started off to sell em, and here I am now with only two pieces and no money. Well, I should be better off if I had shut up de store, keep my calicoes, and not sold dem at all—Milwaukee Wisconsin."

"Printers' devils" are, generally, "ladies' men," notwithstanding they have a rather bad name. Some time ago, our evening stroll, and while walking along, chatting blithely upon the numerous topics of the day, she suddenly caught his hand and looking smilingly in his face, asked: "Jake, do you know why I cannot get religion?"

"No," replied he, "I do not, my dear." "It is because I love the devil."

A Minister who had been reproving one of his elders for over-indulgence, observed a cow go down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he to his offending elder, "is an example for you; the cow has quenched its thirst, and has retired." "Yes," replied the elder, "that is very true. But suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'Here's to you,' there's no saying how long they might have gone on."

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power in their tears than we have in our arguments.

AN INCIDENT.

Of the Invasion of the Cumberland Valley and the Burning of Chambersburg.

In the School Report for 1863, (which, by the way, is one of the most valuable and highly interesting documents issued by the State Government,) we find the relation of an instructive incident connected with the invasion of the Cumberland Valley and the burning of Chambersburg. To the report of the Superintendent of Common Schools, in Franklin county, Mr. A. McElwain, the Superintendent, appends a supplement, in which he briefly refers to the rebel invasion of his county, and then relates a conversation which he had with a chaplain of a Louisiana regiment, in the course of which the chaplain extolled the superiority of Southern women, the greater and pler of Southern institutions, with the general excellence of everything Southern over Northern men and manners. This conversation took place while the chaplain was enjoying the extended hospitality of Mr. McElwain, and prior to his departure the Louisiana saint turned to him with the inquiry, "What is your business?" "School teaching," was the reply. "Ah!" was the exclamation of the Louisiana saint, as he further forely interrogated the Pennsylvania School Teacher, "Did you ever teach niggers?" "Occasionally," was the laconic reply. The chaplain rode away, and after the rebels had nearly all left Chambersburg a party returned to the house of Mr. McElwain, with the flimsiest information that they had been ordered to burn it, as its owner had "occasionally" engaged in "teaching niggers." Of course, the rebel chaplain—the rebel teacher of the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus—the rebel pious representative of chivalry, gave the information which induced his superior to order the torch to be applied to the house of Mr. McElwain. Such information was given after having eaten bread and salt at the table of the man whose house was thus fired—given after having his avowed profession of religion, and gloried in being a representative of the South! Nor was this all. The squad who were ordered to fire Mr. McElwain's house, thus burning the shelter of his wife and little ones—were also directed to kill Mr. McElwain because he had engaged in "teaching niggers," where by they might be enlightened in the knowledge of salvation! What better illustration of the mendacity of the rebel cause, used by us here than is given by this incident? It forbids comment, and in its naked, horrible deformity, challenges the execration of the civilized world. And yet there are those in our midst, who believe in the madness of these who are engaged in the mad effort to destroy free government.—Telegraph.

Death from Swallowing a Pin.

The Junista Sentinel says: Singular and trivial, indeed, are the causes which sometimes lead to death! We have to record the distressing death of a young woman, about 18 years of age, named Maria Coker, of Bala township, and daughter of James Coker, a soldier in the 49th Regiment. It appears that she had a pin in her mouth, and falling asleep, awoke to find it lodged somewhere in her throat. Medical aid was summoned, but in vain. She lingered for several days and expired, relieved, no doubt, from the most excruciating agony. What adds to the sadness of this unexpected death, is the absence of both her father and brother in the army. Women and children should be warned against the dangerous habit of carrying pins in their mouths.

Where Sherman is Going.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GRAND PROMENADE IN GEORGIA.—An elderly Rebel, of the petulant persuasion, extensively dressed in jeans, and bearing a gold headed cane, came to General Sherman's headquarters one evening, to see what was up. He was treated well, and took his air in the morning in the negroes and stock very philosophically, (as he couldn't help it) and seemed to comfort himself with saying that "things is going to the devil, anyhow, and it didn't make much difference how soon!" As he was taking his leave he asked: "What's yer gwine from here, General?" Sherman looked at the old fellow quizzically for a moment, and replied: "Why, pretty much where we damn please!" With this comforting assurance the gold headed cane retired.

A Little Girl after returning from church where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place; and among other things she said, with all her childish innocence, that a man passed around a plate that had some money on it, but I didn't take any."

Gibson, the sculptor, says of the newly found Hercules: "It is the most beautiful work of art in Rome. It made me melancholy the whole of the day after I had seen it, to think that, after the labor of a life, I had made such slight approaches to the perfection of the master-hand which had executed that work."

GRAVEL AND JUNE FOR POWERS.

It should be borne in mind that gravel should be by all means be provided for fowls in winter, if they are shut up where they cannot obtain it, and especially when the earth is covered with snow. Their health greatly depends upon it. Lime, or old mortar, is also necessary for laying hens. There cannot be eggs without shells, nor shells, without the material is supplied for them.

AMUSING.—The mistakes of careless writers are sometimes very amusing.

A Maine editor, in describing the vagaries of a mad dog in Brunswick, says: "He bit a cow in the tail, which has since died." "That was very unfortunate for the tail; but we naturally feel some interest to know what became of the cow."

A KNORRY POKER SETTLED.

In our vicinity, the other day, tried to put down his opponent with this question:—"If Neah did send out a dove that never returned, where did it go to?" "Why," retorted his antagonist, "I suppose somebody shot it."

The Good Old Winters.

In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 703, not only the Black Sea but the Straits of Dardanelles were frozen over; the snow in some places rose 50 feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, etc., were so frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 869, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, everything was frozen, the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1037 most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1131 the Po frozen from Cremona to the sea, the wine casks were burst, and the trees split open by action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to 2s. In 1398 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1422-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1568 the wind distributed to the soldiers was out with hatchets. In 1633 it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove a-nation the Thames, the ice of which was 11 inches thick.

In 1709 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered, in less than 15 minutes, with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

How to Rob Bees.

A soldier arrived from Savannah, who was through with Sherman, tells of the trip, as reported in the Dayton Journal:

The boys learned how to rob beehives without the penalty of stinging. The plan was, to rapidly approach a hive, take it up suddenly, and, holding it upon the shoulder, with the open end behind, run like lightning. The bees hustled out, and fly back to the place where the hive stood. The honey belongs to the boys who win it. A cavalry lieutenant, with his squad, rode up to a plantation house, one day, and were pretty crabbly received by the girls of the house, who desired to know "Why in thunder you uns can't let us be?" and hoped the Devil would get the Yankees. The Lieutenant was not very well pleased with his reception, and seeing some tempting-looking hives of honey in the yard, he ordered one of his men to hoist one up to him. The hive was hoisted up in a jiffy, and the Lieutenant, bidding the girls good-bye, started off with the hive on his shoulder. But the bees came out the wrong way, and swarmed upon the Lieutenant and his horse, compelling the former to drop the hive, while the taunting Rebel females on the porch clapped their dainty, tiny hands, stamped their little bare feet, and screamed "goody! goody!! goody!!!" until they cried for joy.

An Alarmed Woodman.

On Monday, a woodchopper, near Barnside Station, on the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad, accidentally felled a large chestnut tree directly across the track, just as a passenger train was advancing on a descending grade. The frightened man dropped his axe, turned pale as a ghost, and jumped up and down with terror as he awaited the uncertain issue. The engineer saw his danger, reversed his engine at once and signalled for "braking" up the train; but the momentum was so great that it could not be easily checked, and the cow entered struck the ponderous trunk, parted it as though it had been a walking stick, and the train dashed on for several rods before it was brought to a full stop. It was a wonder that the cars were not thrown off the track. The chopper, on being asked what he was trying to do, replied, with an air of great concern, that he "had rather give five dollars than had that tree fall on the track."—Providence Journal.

The play of Julius Caesar was going on at one of the New York theatres on Friday week. When the alarm of fire at the large house took place, at that time in the play when "Caesar's wife is entreating him not to go to the Senate that day, our frightened old gentleman exclaimed, "Why does not somebody come out and tell us what is the matter?" A voice from the gallery answered, "Sit down, dad; go on, Mrs. Caesar." This speech caused a laugh and did more than anything else to restore composure.

A female servant in Newport, while shaking a carpet, fell out of a window twenty eight feet high. She lay stunned for a while, but finally got up, picked up the carpet, and went about her business.

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Emancipation in Delaware.

Governor Cannon, in his annual message to the Legislature of Delaware, again takes strong ground in favor of Emancipation, in that State, as he did in his inaugural address. He repeats that Delaware is connected with the Free States by geographical position and commercial necessity; that the products of Delaware find their markets in the North, and that from thence come the immigrants who give increased value to real estate, that the result of constant intercourse with the North is gradually to assimilate the institutions of Delaware to those of the Free States, as it has already identified their interests; that slavery in Delaware, being merely nominal, is worthless as an element of labor; that emancipation in Maryland has surrounded Delaware with free soil, inviting the escape of slaves on all sides, as there is now no law requiring their retention.

In view of these facts it might be presumed that the Legislature would see the necessity of taking some steps to retrieve the fortunes of the Commonwealth by emancipating the slaves, and thereby inviting free emigration. But constituted as that Legislature is, of a majority of "Democrats," we are inclined to fear that they will cling desperately to the forlorn and hopeless institution while a shroud of it remains in the State.

By the steamship Eagle we have advice from the City of Mexico as late as the 18th ultimo, and from Vera Cruz to the 23d. The accounts represent that Maximilian's troops are making great progress in various parts of the country, having recently captured the towns of Moctezuma, Mazatlan, Colima, Tepic, Tlacolula, and various other places. Several additional victories over the republican forces are also claimed. A riot, originating in a drunken quarrel, had occurred in a small town near the city of San Luis, whereupon the Imperial officers arrested about three hundred persons, over thirty of whom, it is said, were shot on the spot. That the whole Mexican territory is still in a frightfully disordered social, moral and political condition, is shown by the numerous executions recorded for the crimes of murder, highway robbery and all manner of outwary. Some changes had taken place in the Cabinet of Maximilian. The Papal Nuncio had been received at the Imperial Court with great pomp, and the Austrian Ambassador reached Vera Cruz on the 15th of December, en route to the capital. The Belgian Legion, for services to the Emperor's army, entered the City of Mexico on the 10th ult.

The Rebel Mayor of Savannah has addressed a public meeting, stating that the city contained twenty thousand inhabitants without food, fuel or remunerative pursuits. They were without refuge, and cut off from all communication with the country. His heart sickened at the sight. He saw but one course to pursue. He said they all felt deeply indebted to General Cleary, commander of the city, for the course he had pursued. A blockade-runner schooner, with an escorted cargo, came up and anchored near the city on the 29th, unaware that it had changed hands. The gunboat Aeneas has captured the steamer Julia, from Charleston for Nassau, with 400 bales of cotton.

The editor of the Reading Journal, in the last number of his paper, speculates a little on his future. He thinks that if he lives to the age of Methuselah, and the combination of the paper makers be broken up at an early day, he may be able to own a piece of land on which to grow strawberries; but if the price of paper does not fall, he apprehends that in a few years he, with all the other Reading editors, will be enjoying themselves at the county institution for persons with depleted pockets and of physical disability.

There were just one hundred homicides in New York city in the year 1864, and the murderers commenced the new year there with remarkable activity. On Sunday a week there were three men shot, and another had his throat cut from ear to ear. It does not look as if the Millennium was approaching very fast among Seymour's friends.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dusenbury, living in Georok street, New York, administered poison on Friday evening to herself and four children. Two of the children died, and the mother and the other two were lingering in great agony. Mrs. Dusenbury gives as a reason for her act that she lived unhappily with her husband.

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for a divorce in the Court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The court wouldn't admit the plea, because almost every married man would be liable to the same imputation. Did you ever?

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